

MARVEL®
8th Sept 90

THE REAL

NO 117 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries Inc.

GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

AMAZING
COMPETITION
INSIDE!



**ECTO-1 ...
POSSESSED!**

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

MARVEL®
8th Sept 90

THE REAL

NO 117 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries Inc.

GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

AMAZING
COMPETITION
INSIDE!



**ECTO-1 ...
POSSESSED!**

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011



Fasten those *safety belts* as we step on it and speed through another rip-roaring issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. Proving that you are the most pampered of all readers in the whole wide comic world, we *zoom* in on the free-wheeling spirit of a spooky stock car as it gives poor old Egon the *ride* of his life! Yes, the *beastly banger* takes possession of ECTO-1 in this week's **Winston's Diary!** Wicked, but that's just for *starters*! Next on the *menu* is a *well-done* offering for you to feast on, entitled **Food Phantom!** Plus, we also throw in an extra story for you to *catch* called **Bounce Busters!**

Cast your eyes over page fourteen and you'll discover the mighty *mouldy*, Plaster Cast Competition. We also take a trip into the unknown with a brand, spanking new adventure called **The Lost And The Lonely**, so go to it and find your way through another a-maze-ing issue.

CONTENTS

Food Phantom!	3
Bounce Busters!	7
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Winston's Diary!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Car Wash Spook!	13
Plaster Mouldings Competition!	14
The Lost And The Lonely! – Part One	15
Dead True!	23
Next Issue Box/ Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor DEBORAH TATE
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

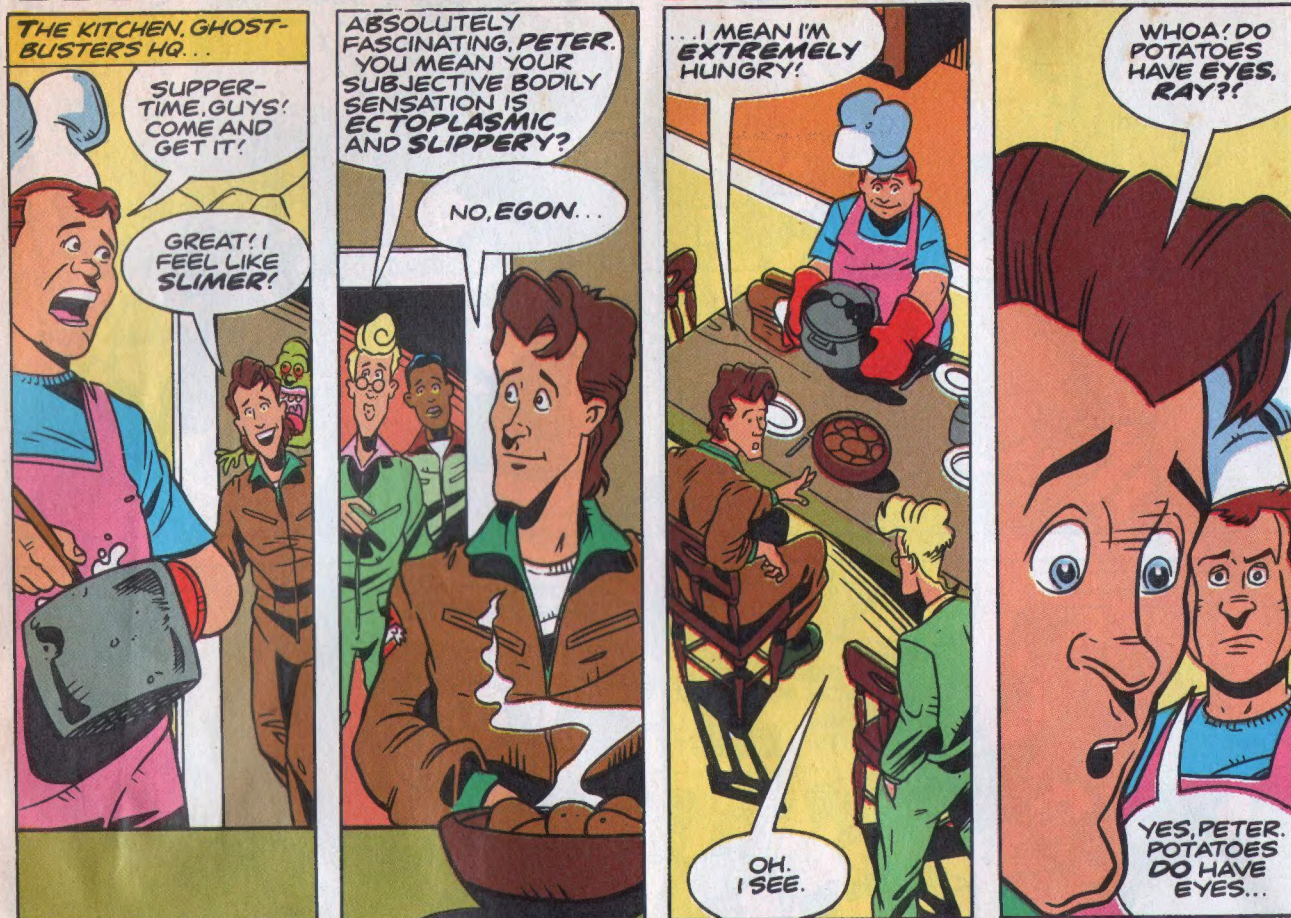


JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

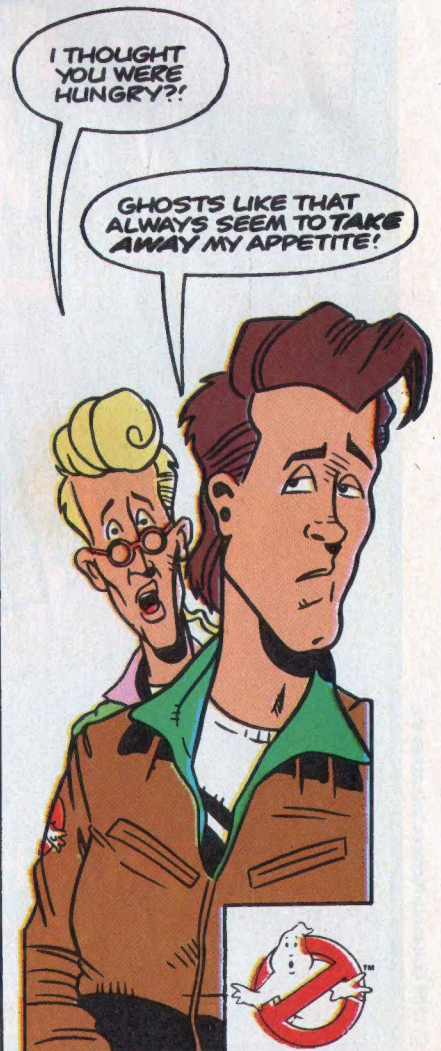
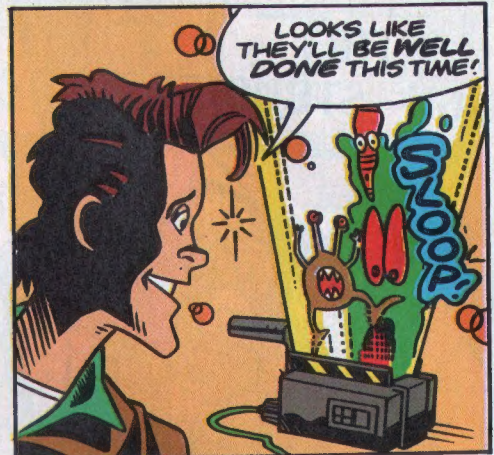
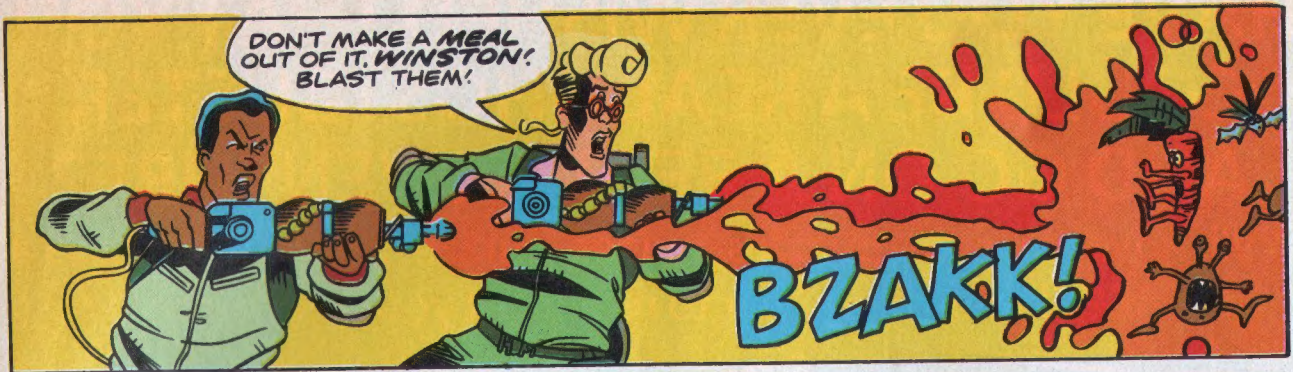
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



FOOD PHANTOM!







HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a
FREE Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	O	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	O	S	P	I	O
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

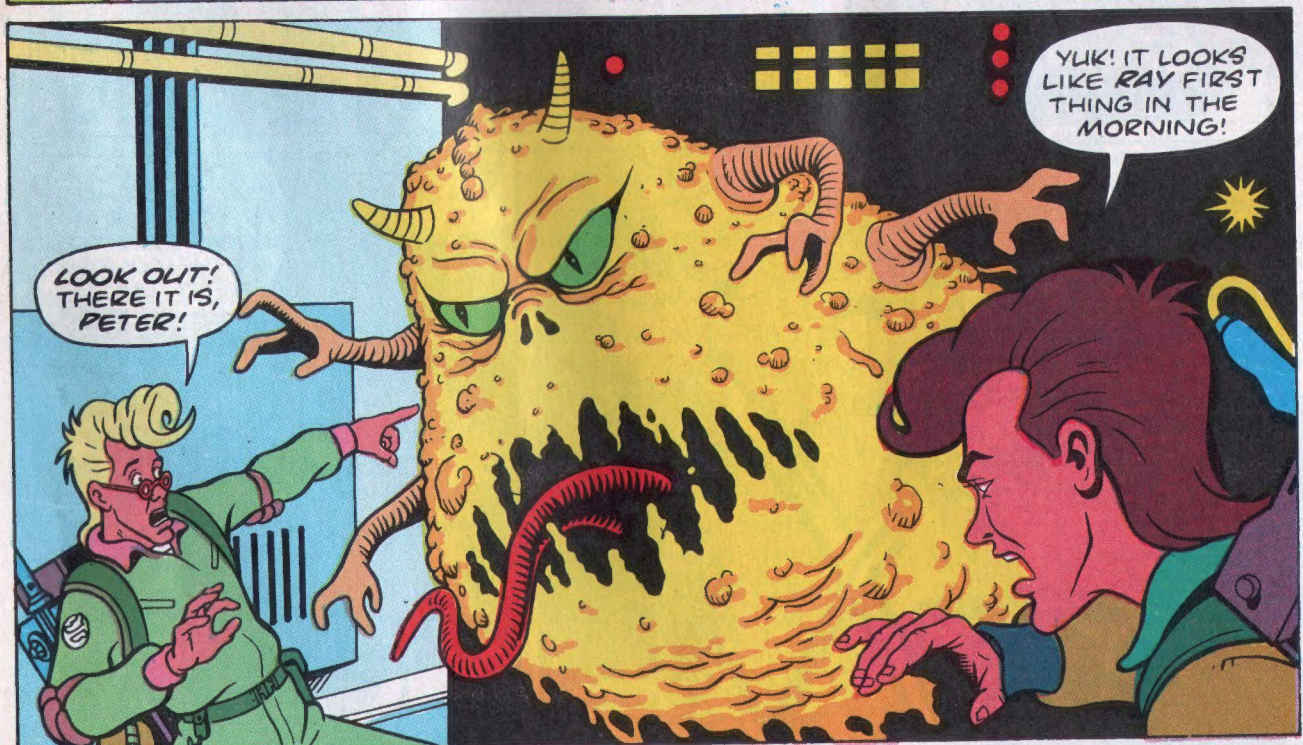
JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

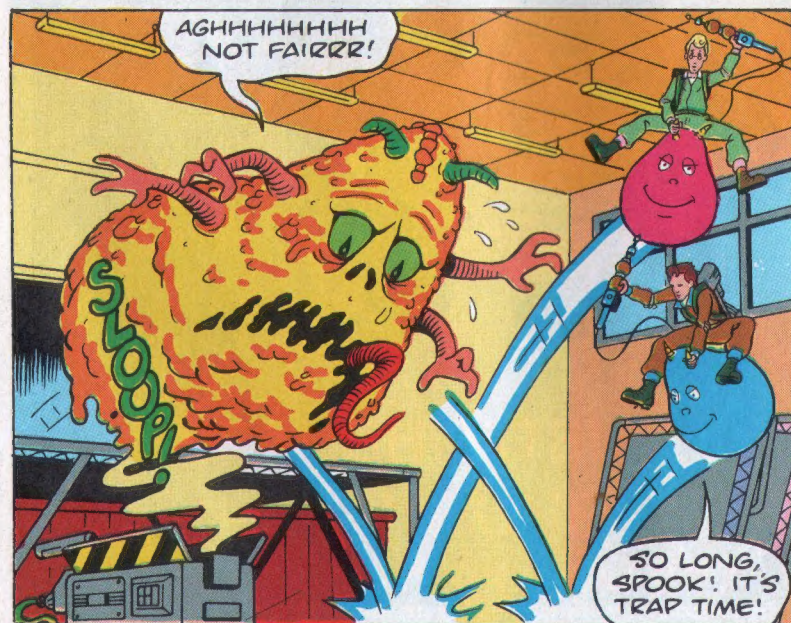
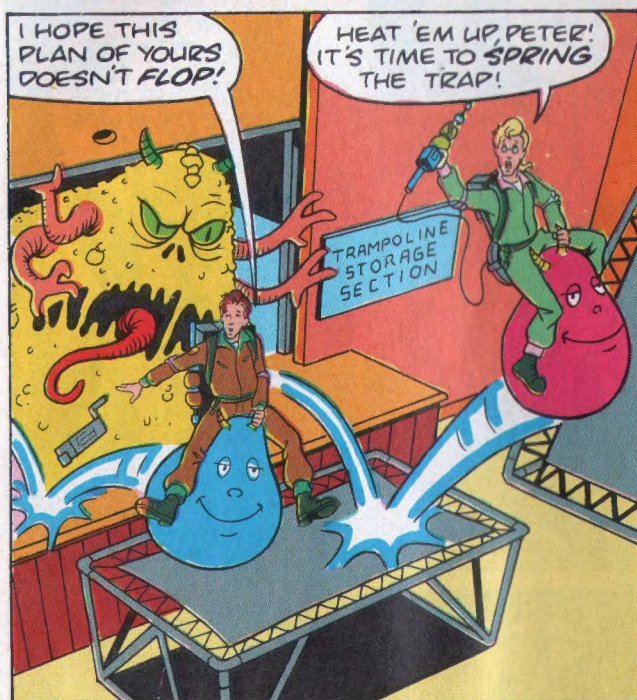
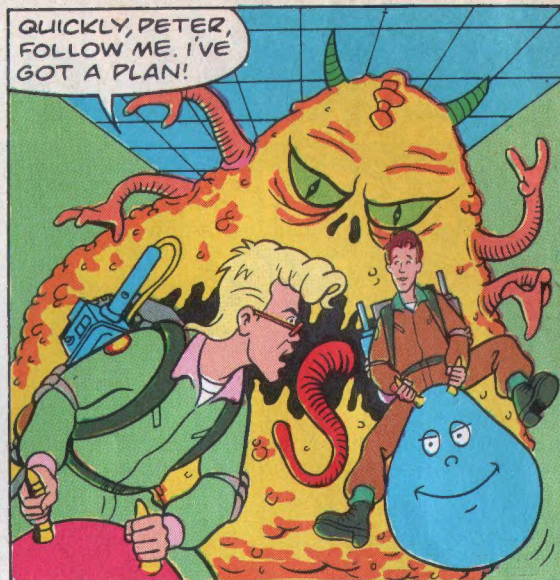
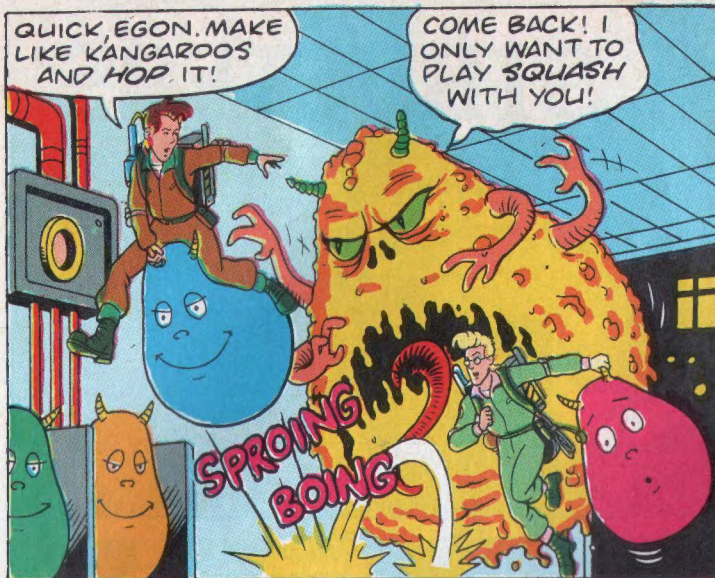
If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE
SLIMER
CHEWY
BAR**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



The earliest records I have of an Animatrix manifestation took place in Edinburgh in 1876, when John Burge Philips was in the middle of conducting his 'Square Peg/ Round Hole' ESP experiments. Using several individuals, noted for their powers of telepathy and telekinesis, Philips attempted to influence the actions of a chimp in a sealed cage, who was given a set of wooden pegs and a board with various shaped holes in them. Philips was determined to prove his theory that the animal mind could be guided by telepathic power.

The experimentation was limited in success, but one day, whilst Philips had popped out to get a pair of pliers to try and pull some of the squarer pegs out of the rounder holes, a set of unused tarot cards in the laboratory suddenly shuffled themselves. They formed themselves into a humanoid shape, flapped across the room and opened the chimp's cage. Theory seems to indicate that the force propelling the cards was some kind of gremlin-colony, summoned by the anxious chimp, which possessed and controlled the pack of cards as a host body. Philips

PART 117

called the manifestation an 'Animatrix' and spent the rest of his life studying the Tarot cards in the hope of making them do it again. By his death in 1898, he could deal from the bottom of the pack, produce the card you just thought of from a previously burned envelope and build the Taj Mahal with them. But they never walked again.

Two years after his death, the Animatrix research was taken up by young Alice F. Klonsdark, working in a studio lab in Nebraska. In controlled conditions, she managed to animate a shelf of books, a pile of safety matches and nine pounds of sliced salami. Where Klonsdark failed, Wilbur Spate of Liddleville met with greater success. He managed to summon an Animatrix which

possessed the contents of the tailor's store in Nash Street and proceeded to run amok in the town, measuring buildings and checking fabric designs against the brickwork. When Spate finally managed to banish the spook, fabric and pins and the plans for the biggest and most oddly-shaped pair of trousers in the world. In 1978, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the event, the citizens of Liddleville had the plans made up, and to this day, the city is the only one in the Midwest whose town-hall sports a worsted-style flannelette, pleat-waisted tea cosy.

Most notable of all in the history of Animatrix manifestations, is the fact that they've never really given anybody real, dangerous trouble. Apart from the Animatrix that possessed a lorry load of tin-openers in Warsaw in 1972, or course, but since this happened next to the State dog-food factory, the creature was kept pretty busy until help could arrive. The Animatrix is, of course, closely related to the Inanimatrix, a powerful spirit which possess groups of objects and then lies absolutely still.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Ⓢ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

Saturday, 1st September 1990

Wow. I've just opened my diary and found that I've been so busy the last few days I haven't been writing things in it. I've got a lot to catch up on. Well, dear diary, I've had a lot going on – things have been driving me mad . . . well, one thing in particular.

We got a call from some kids who hung out at the old Velocito Stock Car Alley in Detroit. Years back, it was one of the Motor City's most popular shows, where fantastic road-machines and custom automobiles pounded round the concrete track three times a week in a squeal of tyres, a smash of fenders and a roar of huge engines. I went there once when I was a kid whilst I was staying with a cousin in the city. Years later, he mentioned in a letter that the Velocito had been closed down after a series of nasty crashes. The races had got too big, and powerful and downright dangerous. I remembered it fondly and looked forward to going back there.

The kids told us that they went there most evenings after school to race their skateboards and BMX's round the old trackway. Sounded like kid heaven to me. But they said recently they heard noises and, worse, ghostly voices and the sudden reek of diesel fumes. Something from the past was still lurking in the Velocito.

Egon and I drove down there one afternoon in ECTO-1, and met up with a group of skateboarding kids by the rusting fence. The years had crumbled the bright 'Velocito' sign over the gate and, what with the weed-choked track and the collapsing stands and sheds, it looked to me like the whole place had become a ghost of its old self.

The kids had no money to pay our fees, but that was fine – Ghostbusters are a free public service too, when we have to be, and if something old and bad was haunting the Velocito, I reckoned it was my duty to clean it up for free. Something old and bad was right.

It came at us as we drove along the old



track, a howling, steaming, rusty monster that seemed to be made up of ancient car parts. Rubberless wheel hubs scraped sparks from the ground, clusters of headlamps blazed, broken iron radiator grills snarled at us in automobile fury.

"I think we've found the ghost," noted Egon with his talent for stating the obvious, that often stunned me like a well-flung brick. He skidded ECTO-1 round to avoid the attack, and I leapt out, struggling with my pack. I ran to the other side of the track, hoping that when the car-beast turned round, it would storm down between me and Egon (who was still in the Cadillac), so that we could catch it in a two beam crossfire. It was clear it would take a lot of busting.

"It's clear that this will take a lot of busting," said Egon over the radio link, "let's try and catch it in a two beam crossfire."

"I was just going to get some hot dogs from the stand" I snapped back dryly.

"Well, there isn't really time," replied Egon. "Anyway, I think the stand has been closed for a number of years." Yes, his appreciation for sarcasm is about as weak as his ability *not* to state the obvious. We blasted it anyway, from two sides as it roared back. It seemed to me that the old, decrepit nature of the parts

that made up the vehicle were too slow to enable it to change direction suddenly. We got it all right. There was a huge fireball, and electric arcs of Ecto-power crackled out, lashing into concrete and flickering off the bonnet of ECTO-1.

"We got it!" I shouted, gazing at the smouldering wreck. "Hey, Egon, I said we got it. Where are you going? Stop the car. Hey!"

I thought for a moment that Egon had finally understood my sarcasm and was driving off in a huff. Then I saw that he was hammering his fists upon the inside of the doors and windows which would not open, and I saw that ECTO-1 had changed somehow. It had become demonic, furious, snarling, its radiator and headlamps bristling with unmistakable fury. Our wonderful jalopy had been possessed and was driving off of its own accord with Egon trapped inside.

None of which was in the least bit funny. By the time Egon got his radio to work (I guess its circuitry was separate from ECTO-1 and therefore hadn't been possessed too), I'd borrowed a BMX from one of the kids and was bouncing down the track after him. ECTO-1 had disappeared from sight into the ruins, but Egon's voice was clear over the speaker. "Winston!" he bellowed. "This is what Peter calls Bad Craziness and I'm not very happy about it!" I mumbled a reply, but was a bit busy trying to remember how to ride a bike that was three sizes too small for me. I'd fallen off about four times by then, I seem to remember. "What's the story?" I managed to ask as I leapt on the bike again.

"It's clearly a manifestation that Vondahuck called an 'Animatrix', a spirit embodiment of past events that ended in violence that combines to reanimate the relics of that event. The spirit's power was limited by the old scrap parts we blasted, but ECTO-1 has given it a new, powerful lease of life."

"What's it going to do then?" I asked, pedalling furiously towards the old sheds

that were the source of his transmission. "If it's the spirit of a stock car, then I'm rather afraid it will try and crash into things," he replied. About then, I fell off for the fifth time, and that saved my life. The Animatrix-possessed ECTO-1 flew out of the shed right over the fallen bike I had just been riding. As it skidded in a turn, I leapt to my feet and tried to run, but the haunted car was gaining on me easily. I was saved by the most unlikely chance. The jolt of my sprinting shook my Ghost Trap free from my pack and it fell behind me. A second later, ECTO-1 drove over it, and broke it open. There was a great rush of light and energy and then ECTO-1 ground to a halt. Slightly singed, Egon got out of the car and helped me to my feet. "Did we bust it?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," Egon replied. "The flare of the trap energy certainly dislodged its presence from ECTO-1 and probably weakened it a good deal. It may now be hunting for another vehicle to possess." Just then the kids came running up excitedly. "Did you do it?" asked one. "Where's my bike?" asked another.

So take it from me. If you find a BMX in your garage that you didn't own before, and it isn't your birthday and the bike looks like it's been run over at least once . . . it ain't no BMX, it's an Animatrix, and you know exactly who to call!



CAR WASH SPOOKS

This pair of spooks were definitely not squeaky clean themselves. No-soap-ee! They were dirty demons who pestered their victims by causing as much mayhem as possible in the cunning confines of a Car Wash.

Both vehicle and driver were driven mad with rage whilst the gruesome twosome carried out their 'special' services. Unfortunately, this involved a barrage of beastly bubbles lathering up the insides of cars. This, of course, is bound to happen if all windows have been wound down. The blurting out of radios and cassette players usually

added further to each poor old driver's problem.

As fate would have it, Winston happened to wheel his way into the Thruway Car Wash, accompanied, of course, by ECTO-1, which was in dire need of a good scrub! Sure enough the demonic attendants hi-jacked the mucky motor and set to work. The Real Ghostbuster was not impressed!

Winston returned the complement by giving the soapy spectres his very own personal service. Thanks to the power of the Proton Gun these demonic drips have had their final wash!



35 PLASTER MOULDING SETS TO BE WON!

Whatever next? Is there no end to the amazing competitions, you cry! Those wonderful people at **Peter Pan Playthings** are offering **35** fantastic **Real Ghostbusters Plaster Moulding** sets as prizes in this exciting competition! All you have to do to be one of the lucky winners is answer the following questions: What are the names of the four Real Ghostbusters characters contained in the kit?

Answers on a postcard or back of an envelope, to arrive not later than **Friday, 21st September 1990**. Don't forget to include your own name and address, and send your answer to;
The Real Ghostbusters/Peter Pan Competition,
Marvel Comics Ltd.,
13/15 Arundel Street,
London WC2R 3DX.

The first thirty-five correct answers pulled from the post-bag on the closing date will be sent a Real Ghostbusters Plaster Moulding set each!



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-**
BUSTERS comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

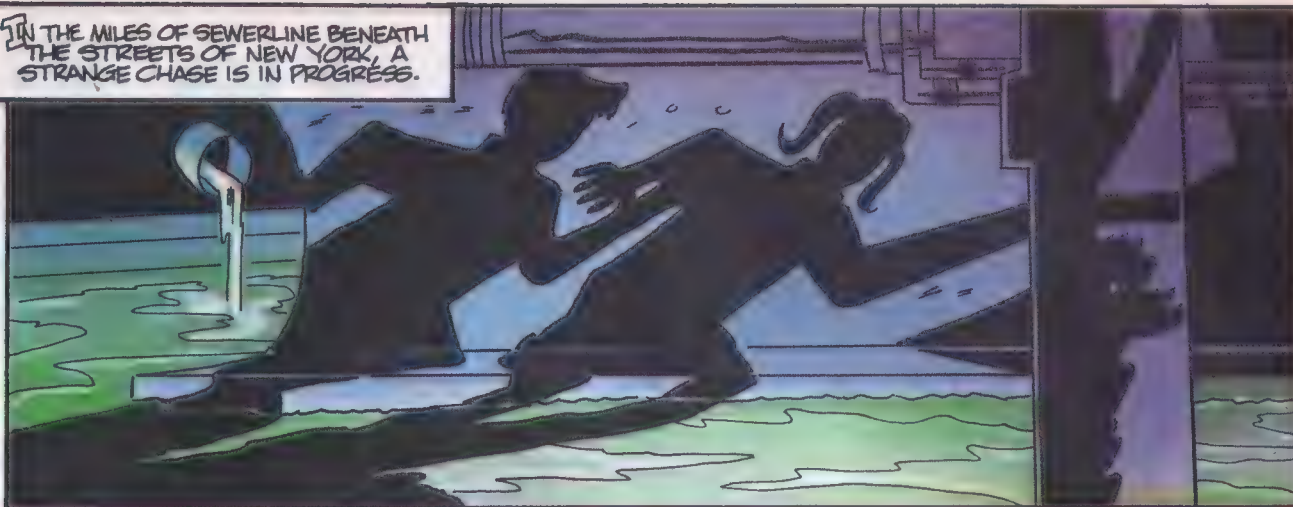
*Delete as applicable.

NAME
ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN



IN THE MILES OF SEWERLINE BENEATH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, A STRANGE CHASE IS IN PROGRESS.



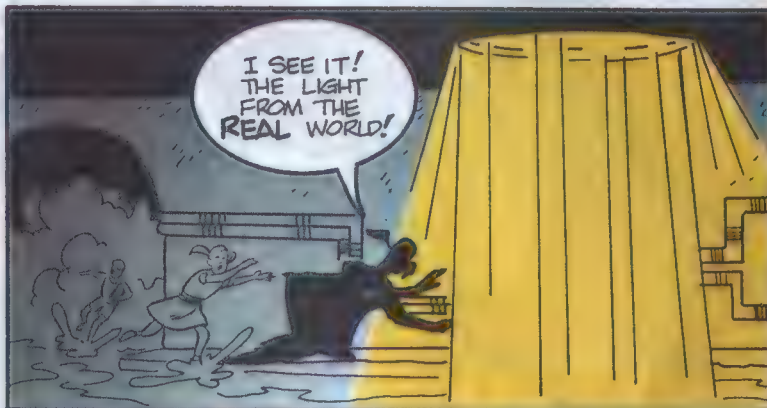
WE HAVE TO MAKE IT TO WHERE THE LIGHT BEGINS!

WE'LL NEVER DO IT, MICHAEL! HE'LL NEVER LET US GET AWAY!

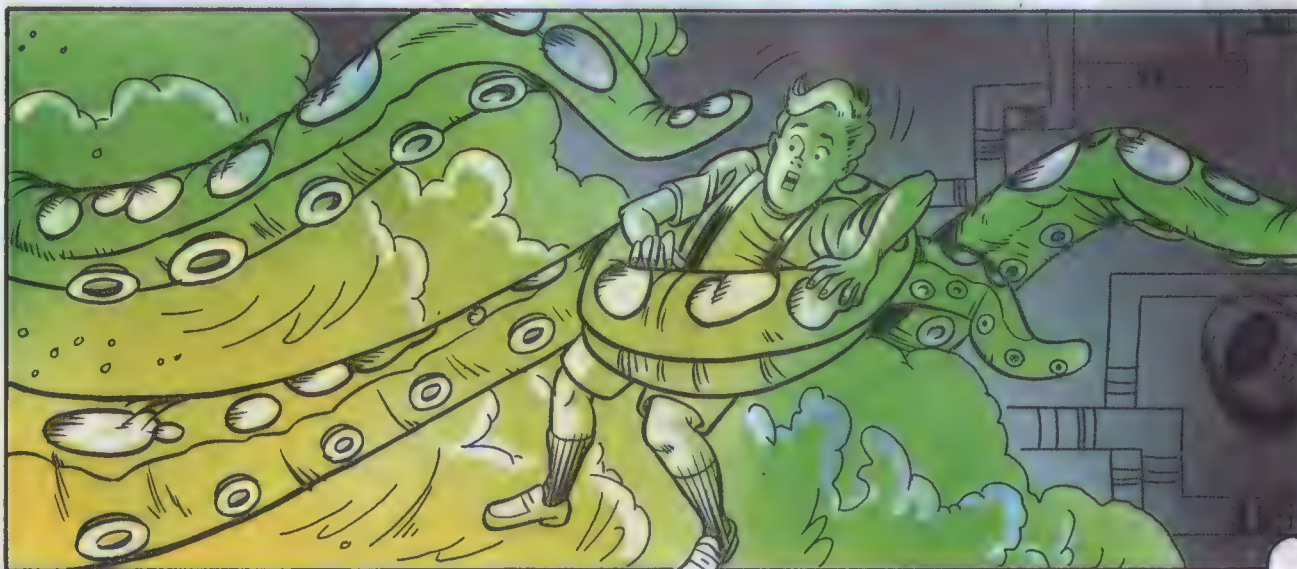
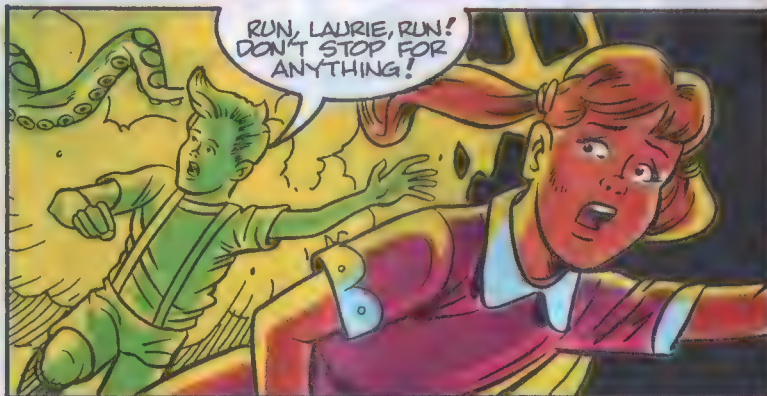
WE HAVE TO TRY!

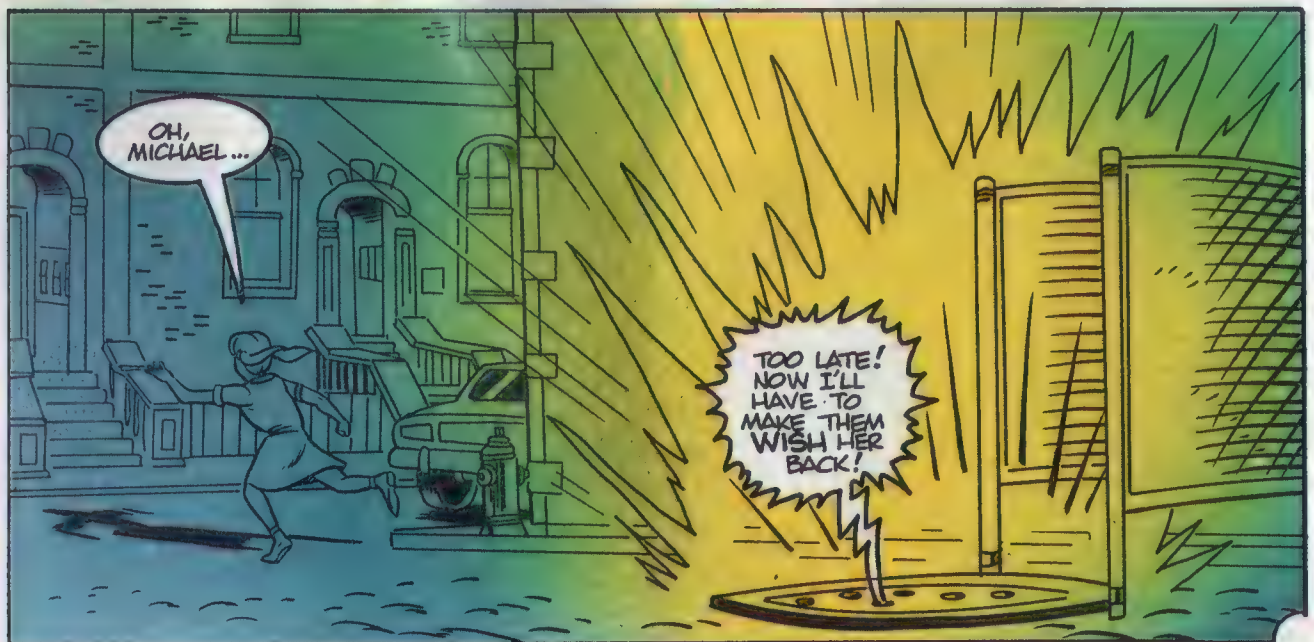
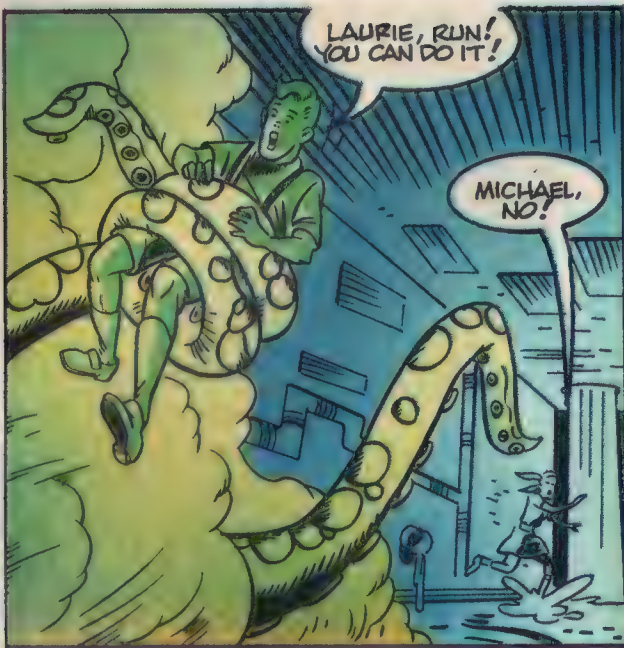


I SEE IT! THE LIGHT FROM THE REAL WORLD!

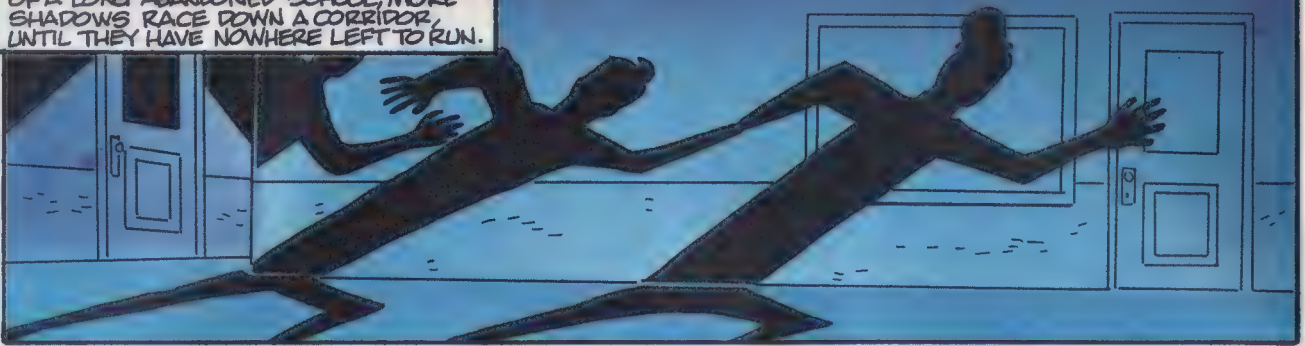


RUN, LAURIE, RUN! DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!





ELSEWHERE, IN THE BOARDED UP HALLS OF A LONG ABANDONED SCHOOL, MORE SHADOWS RACE DOWN A CORRIDOR, UNTIL THEY HAVE NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN.



BUT, BENNY!
WE DIDN'T MEAN
ANYTHING BY IT!



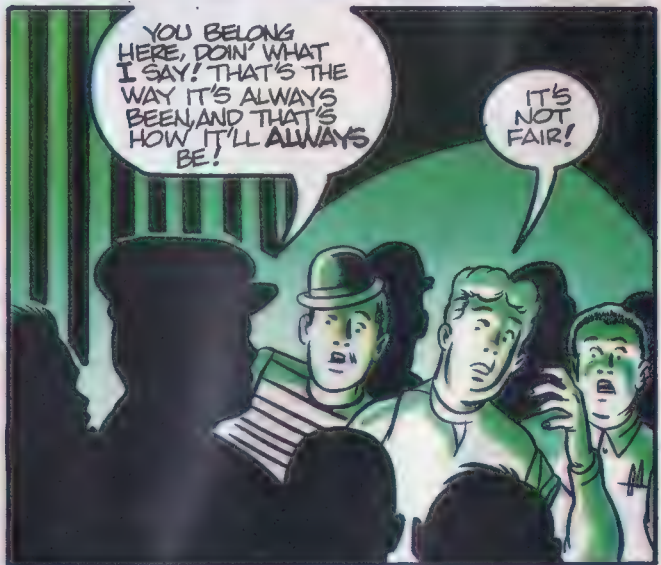
IT'S JUST THAT
WE'VE BEEN HERE
SO LONG

WE JUST
WANT TO GO
ON TO WHERE
WE BELONG.



YOU BELONG
HERE, DOIN' WHAT
I SAY! THAT'S THE
WAY IT'S ALWAYS
BEEN, AND THAT'S
HOW IT'LL ALWAYS
BE!

IT'S
NOT
FAIR!



FAIR?









JUST A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER, THEY SEE RAY OFF AT THE BUS STATION.



BUT ONCE HIS TRIP BEGINS, UNUSUAL EVENTS BEGIN TO UNFOLD AROUND RAY STANTZ.



◆ CLASSIFIED ◆

MC113

◆ MAIL ORDER ◆



Joke Shop By Post

FREE!

Britain's No.1 Joke Catalogue, packed with over 500 practical jokes from 5p.

Whoopie cushion, wobbly lager glass, Skeletons, snakes, spiders, squirt toilet, rotten teeth, pepper chewing gum, loaded dice, trick golf ball, sneezing/itching powder, sticky ball, water bombs, luminous paint, x-ray specs, wiper specs, laxative tea bags, joke blood, sick mess, soap sweets, wet jokes, exploding jokes, magic tricks, party fun kits, masks, make up, sea monkeys, slime-in-a-pot, water machine-guns, posters, badges. Plus lots of pop and football bargains. **The complete Joke Shop by post.** Send second class stamp with your name and address for bumper colour catalogue and Free Gift to: **MATCHRITE, The Funny Business (Dept. YK), 167 Winchester Road, Bristol, BS4 3NJ.**

American and British Comics.

SAE (24p Stamp) for 38 page catalogue of 100,000 Comic-Books. Marvel, D.C., 2000AD. Also sold, plastic bags for comic protection.

The Comics Mail Order Specialist (JUSTIN EBBS) JUST COMICS

2 Crossmead Avenue,
Greenford, Middlesex
UB6 9TY

DR WHO FANS

Send a First Class Stamp for my latest list of Dr Who: Books, Annuals, Comics and Merchandise. Also subscription available for latest Paperbacks and Hardbacks. (I will buy Dr Who items as well) Blakes 7 and Avengers list also available. **JOHN FITTON, 1, Orchard Way, Hensall, Nr. Goole, North Humberside, DN14 0RT.**

DOCTOR WHO

PAPERBACK - BACKNUMBERS
60 PENCE EACH

LARGE SELECTION OF DOCTOR WHO
PAPERBACKS AT SILLY PRICES

SEND 50 PENCE FOR LIST

**BURTON BOOKS, 20 MARINE COURT,
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,
EAST SUSSEX TN38 0DX**

LOOK OUT FOR THESE AMAZING MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVELS

MARSHAL LAW TRADE PAPERBACK

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SPIDERMAN SPIRITS OF THE EARTH

AKIRA TRADE PAPERBACK

PLUS MANY MANY MORE!

FOR FURTHER DETAILS, CONTACT

JANE SUMNER ON 071-497 2121

NEW AUDIO TAPE FROM SILVER FIST PERTWEE IN PERSON

An indelible impression of the man himself
- JON PERTWEE talks with David
Banks. £5.99, £7 (overseas), \$13 (USA).
Send cheque/postal order with your name
and address to:-

Who Dares Publishing
SF3, Po Box 745
Bournemouth
BH6 3YG
UK

Enclose S.A.E. for further details to
Silver Fist Collection

These advertisements
appear in five of Marvel's
Top Selling comics.
Guaranteed circulation
is approx. 250,000

For further details
please call Jane Smale on -
071-497 2121

◆ SHOPS ◆

NOSTALGIA & COMICS

14-16 SMALLBROOK QUEENSWAY,
BIRMINGHAM B5 4EN,
ENGLAND
(021) 643 0143
12 MATILDA STREET
(OFF THE MOOR)
SHEFFIELD
(0742) 769475

Now at two locations we are still
supplying the widest possible range of
American & British merchandise.
Always quantities of back issue,
current and import comics available.
SF/Horror plus general film magazines
and books kept in stock.
All shops open six days a week.
Lists of wants with S.A.E. or telephone
enquiries about goods on mail order
always welcome.

Sheffield Space Centre

33, The Wicker,
Sheffield S3 8HS

Telephone: Sheffield 758905

We stock a large selection of S/F
Fantasy paperbacks, American
comics, Portfolios, Magazines etc

Open - Monday, Tuesday, Thursday,
Friday 10am - 5pm. Saturday 9am
Closed Wednesday. SAE for list.

MEGA-CITY

18 INVERNESS ST.
CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON NW1
(Turn right out of Camden Town
Station), Inverness is first on left,
off High St)

071-485 9320

Open 7 days a week 10am-6pm

Over 900 sq. ft. of comics,
science-fiction horror and film & tv.
'London's best back-issue selection'
London Evening Standard
FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE
Send Two 2nd Class Stamps

The FINAL FRONTIER

43/44 Silver Arcade Leicester LE1 5FB
29 St Nicholas Place, Leicester LE1 4LD
Leicester's LEADING SF shops
specialising in US imported comics - Marvel/
DC etc, 2000 AD, JUDGE DREDD, S.F.,
Fantasy, books magazines, STAR TREK & DR
WHO material, badges, annuals, posters, ROLE
PLAYING GAMES, MINIATURES and much
more. WHY NOT PAY US A VISIT? Or send SAE
for our catalogue.
Telephone enquiries also welcome
(0533 514347) Visa & Access accepted.
Open 9.30am-5.30pm Monday-Saturday

THE MOVIE STORE

Send large SAE for our comprehensive
Bi-monthly news magazine and catalogue of Dr
Who, Star Trek, Gerry Anderson, Blake 7 etc.
Magazines, books, annuals, stills, posters,
toys, models, miniatures, games, T-shirts,
collectibles, Star Wars items, videos, S/Tracks.

"The Movie Store"
Dept DW, 7 High Street, Twyford,
Berks RG10 9AB
Tel: 0734-342098

Shop open 9.30-7pm Mon-Sat

WONDERWORLD

803 Christchurch Road,
Boscombe, Bournemouth,
Dorset

Phone: 0202 422964

THIS SHOP IS A COMPLETE FANTASY! Not only
do we stock the entire range of Marvel, DC, Epic,
First, Eclipse and so on... but we have THOU-
SANDS of back-issues plus Portfolios, Artwork,
T-shirts, badges, Doctor Who gear, Dungeons and
Dragons, Books, accessories. So why not visit us or
send us your SASE? What's to lose?
"NO SAE = NO REPLY"

◆ EVENTS ◆

LEEDS COMIC MART

Saturday, 29th September
Griffin Hotel, Boar Lane, Leeds

NEWCASTLE COMIC MART

Saturday, 6th October

Blackfriars Hall, New Bridge Street, Newcastle
Britain's top dealers selling thousands of comics - back
issues, new imports (Marvel, DC etc), tv/film magazines,
books, videos, games, posters & all kinds of sf/fantasy
material! Opens: Midday. Full details (sae):
Golden Orbit, 18 Nelson Street, York YO3 7NJ



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



here are some folk who have seen a ghost on more than one occasion but an Englishman called Peter Turner has heard and seen supernatural spectres many times. It all started at the end of the Second World War, when Peter and some pals were playing in a district of Leeds called Camp Hill. The youngsters called in on a friend who lived in the area, whose home had been slightly damaged because of an air raid. The back yard, however, was full of rubble, bricks, and broken glass. Peter went to the window to see the damage, only to discover the sight of a well-kept garden, full of beautiful flowers and lush, green grass. The ghostly apparition of an elderly man stared back at Peter, as the old gent tended to a rose bush.

It wasn't until 1956 that

Peter had his next encounter with 'the other side'. He had been decorating his new home, which Peter and his fiancée planned to move into after their wedding. He decided to pop out for a fish supper whilst a friend continued to help out with the painting. However, he returned with the feast only to discover his companion sitting outside on the doorstep – petrified. He claimed that soon after Peter had left the flat the most eerie sensation flowed through his body, not to mention the strange noises! The incident was forgotten until after the newly-married couple moved into the flat. Mrs Turner dreaded going into the kitchen because the cupboard doors repeatedly opened and closed, despite being securely fastened.

One evening after the Turners had retired to bed, there was a tremendous

crash as an old iron mangle was turned on its side. This was followed by a noise from the living room, which turned out to be the settee being dragged around the floor. Matters came to a head after a neighbour in the flat below complained about the terrible noises which always took place late at night. Obviously, the Turners got the blame,

Shortly afterwards, however, they met an old lady who had grown up in the haunted flat. She recalled the times that her family life was disrupted by the constant banging and crashing. She also told the Turners that she had since discovered that the place had been haunted by a Victorian lady who constantly ran in and out of the building, searching for her two children who had died there.



SPOOK-HETTI JUNCTION!

